

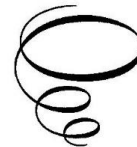
An Introvert in an Extrovert World

Essays on the Quiet Ones

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It all began when a friend gave me Susan Cain's book, *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking* to read. He wanted me to better understand the frustrations and difficulties that he was going through as an introvert in the corporate world. I was thoroughly engrossed by the content of Ms. Cain's book and her research in arriving at her conclusions. I then became able to articulate many of my own deepest thoughts and feelings. As I wanted to pursue the psychology of introversion even more, I subsequently decided that this topic would be my panel focus at the South Atlantic Modern Language Association's Conference in November, 2013. I usually chair a panel each year at this conference, and I wanted to extend the subject matter to broaden the thoughts on *An Introvert in an Extrovert World*. I was most fortunate to have Megan Cannella and Edmund Goode presenting on my panel. They have been with me from the beginning of this project and their writing talent and dedication has been an enormous asset. My deepest appreciation goes to them and to my other contributors, each one individually adding enthusiasm and specific insight and dimension to the dynamics of this book.

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Without the encouragement of my children this book would not exist. They are and have been my inspiration and a constant beacon of light in a sometimes bleak world. My son, Radleigh Grandon Santos, is the reason that my first panel presentation came to be. It was his belief in me that has spurred me on to 'be all that I could be.' My daughter, Marlisa Rose Santos, is my best friend and it is impossible to count the ways in which she has always been there for me. Her professional expertise as a published author, and her patience and support in sharing her knowledge and wisdom, are attributes the significance of which is immeasurable to me. My children have both earned doctorates and are highly respected in

Notes

¹ I had at the time seen the documentary *Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media* (1992).

² John Dewey, *The Middle Works, Vol. 9: Democracy and Education* (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press), 114.

³ Dewey, *The Middle Works*, Vol. 9, 61.

⁴ Dewey, *The Middle Works*, Vol. 9, 61.

⁵ This essay is not the place to delve into the complex history of agonistic thought, which begins at least with Diogenes. I mainly wish to stress that educational environments provide a "safe" and ideally non-politicized space in which to enact agonistic procedures. Obviously, expressly political agonism in the manner of 20th century German political scientist Carl Schmitt holds more dangerous ramifications.

⁶ Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* (New York: Continuum Publishing), 33.

⁷ Burton Watson, *Chuang Tzu* (New York: Columbia University Press), 5.

⁸ I have reconstructed a condensed version of the conversation to the best of my memory. Even if I have misremembered some snatches of dialogue, the overall tenor and content are faithful.

⁹ I forget which university he mentioned—perhaps it was Cornell.

¹⁰ I had hoped the Chair would've been more sanguine about the prospects of working-class students, as he had just written a book about Martin Ritt, the director of *The Molly Maguires* (1970), *Norma Rae* (1979), and other films espousing working-class politics.

¹¹ Konstantin Stanislavski, "Why and When Play Melodrama?" *Stanislavski's Legacy* (New York: Theater Arts Books), 138–47.

¹² Like all Svankmajer's clay-animated films, *Darkness Light Darkness* has no narrative, only allegory and symbolism that defy realist interpretation.

CHAPTER TEN

WHEN THE NEED ARISES:
ACTING THE EXTROVERT IN ORDER TO TEACH

LAUREN SMITH

One morning in my classroom, I overheard a student talking. She had taken her normal spot at the top of the semicircle (my preferred seating arrangement for a class). "This is the class where we talk about big life stuff," she said. "It's kind of weird, but I like it." During a meeting with another class in our college's auditorium, an Iraq War veteran remarked that because of his PTSD, under other circumstances, he could not sit facing forward in such a big theatre. "But I know these guys," he said, his voice brimming with warmth. Such reflections affirm that yes, sometimes I do build the kind of community I want, that my classes can be an environment where people feel safe to find meaning.

As a teacher of college composition, I try to help my students master many aspects of thinking and expression; I hope they end our sixteen weeks together with new belief in their abilities as writers and more appreciation for the power of language. Usually, my students' end-of-course evaluations suggest that they do perceive a change in their attitude towards reading and writing. Their evaluations also give me feedback on the day-to-day running of class. When asked for suggestions for the instructor, one student recently wrote that I should "Continue to engage students who are shy." This comment buoyed me. I didn't know who made it, but I hoped it was a young woman named Kaitlyn. Kaitlyn's face caught fire whenever I asked her anything, grass-green eyes glowing above red cheeks. Through her strain and her silences, she recalled my own younger, introverted self.

Early in my career, I realized that if I wanted to be a good composition teacher, I could not stay as introverted as I was. I had to craft a new persona, subdue my original, shy, loner self and bring forth someone more effervescent. I had to adapt some "culturally scripted patterns of conduct" that seemed ill-fitting to me¹ and "choose and deploy" extroversion as a

trait.² This adaptation is conscious and ongoing, and the choices and deployments can take more effort than grading ten papers.

These days, college teaching requires at least one extrovert in the classroom. For the last fourteen years, and with discovery, delight, and ambivalence, I have been shaping my version of that role. Teaching has heightened my awareness of the flexibility of personhood as a whole, and it has softened the boundary I used to draw between intro and extro. It has led me to ask if, whether at school, work, or home, the self is but a series of performing masks.

A basketball game in my high school gym class. The fluorescent lights bleached my freckled arms, and I knew I looked awful in my sweatpants. An older student was taking it as a slap in the face to eight generations of her family that I could neither pass nor make a basket. "Loser," she sneered. "Why don't you get out of the way?" I took a few steps away; the ball was in play at the other end of the court. That I didn't say anything seemed to gall her more. "Can't talk either, retard?" I wondered what drove a person like this. No snappy retort came to mind, so I moved away again until I was almost off the court.

Afterwards, it occurred to me that maybe I should take an "unofficial" study hall in the library instead of going to gym class. My teammates wouldn't miss me, and I could read and write. The next day, I went directly to the library's second floor and sat at a table, acting like someone who belonged there. I loved the quiet and the sour glue smell, and after forty-five minutes, I passed serenely on to Algebra. I was uptight the first few times, but it got easier. Then, I decided school as a whole made me needlessly anxious. I skipped two or three days in a row, wandering the city's antique district and the harbor front. I lingered in the Renaissance room of the art museum. I didn't talk to anyone. I learned to enjoy looking at buildings and to observe without a double-take people of different colors, ages, shapes. This was life, I thought. But society doesn't support idle rambling for teenagers, and eventually, my mother got a phone call.

Other than gym class, I wasn't bullied, but I still preferred to keep to myself at school. During a bonding exercise, an art teacher made everyone compliment each other, and over and over, I received the same tribute: "I don't really know you, but you seem nice." Even with people I cared about, I could be aloof. One summer, my best friend brought me for a weekend at the beach, and about midway through, she saw me eyeing the bus schedule. Hurt, she said I always did things like this. I was surprised: I wasn't aware I had ever done anything like this. Moreover, I didn't think

she would take my leaving so personally. To me, it wasn't personal; it was cellular. I needed to be on my own again.

Shy, withdrawn, and possessed of a consistent, sharp need for solitude. In short, I was an introvert. Some of the personal stories told in Susan Cain's *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World that Can't Stop Talking*, then, offered touchstones of my experience. When I entered the adult workforce, I felt the power of the "Extrovert Ideal" Cain describes, the "omnipresent belief that the ideal self is gregarious, alpha, and comfortable in the spotlight."³ At eighteen, I did two shifts as a restaurant hostess before transferring to cashier. I couldn't handle having managers tell me to smile and be welcoming to customers; I couldn't display the necessary cheer and enthusiasm. After graduating college, I wanted to find work that allowed me to use my creativity, so I took a job in marketing. The need to be outgoing, or to at least appear that way, became clear. On the page, I produced the zippiest copy, the smartest taglines. At schmoozing with clients, I was a disaster. Trying to network at a luncheon with my boss, I was miserable and inept, unsmooth with everyone. On a site visit, when he and I were alone in a conference room, he said, "When I am with a customer, I generally try to engage them." He referred to the appallingly dead air I would let develop. The president of our company visited and set up in a vacant office, and my boss suggested I say hi to him. Savant-like, I marched into the office, said hello, and marched right back out. I may not even have given my name.

Having no desire to switch careers, I started a Master's program in English—I just wanted to keep reading and thinking. When I took a seminar on the pedagogy of composition, everything changed. The professor asked the class to keep a journal, and early in the semester, I wrote this: *Work, no matter what kind you do, should be considered a sacred activity, and should be of some type of service to the world. I guess what I do currently could be considered a service to the world indirectly. I help information get into the hands of those who seek it. But helping someone to write better. That's definitely a service to the world. Later: Teaching is first and foremost a service, and a special environment that the students will not experience again once they have concluded their education. Teaching is a privilege.* These lines show me developing what Cain and Brian Little—the psychologist whose ideas Cain uses to explain how some introverts can "pass" as extroverts—would label a "core personal project." Little defines personal projects as "extended sets of personally salient action in context."⁴ A personal project can be tangible and specific, like "wash the dog," or vast and abstract, like "find inner peace."⁵ A core personal project is one "without which the meaning of

one's life would become compromised."⁶ In those heady seminar days, I found what I believed would give my life meaning. Next semester, I taught my first college class, and the following year, I left marketing behind.

Because of its performative quality, any kind of teaching can be hard for an introvert. Whether a teacher has three or three hundred students, he or she is looked at and listened to. A professor functions as a required text for a class, another piece of material for students to read and to study. Along with facts and ideas, students absorb my appearance and demeanor, my habits and tics. Standing before them, I wonder if they are judging my vocabulary or my wardrobe, if they are smirking about the coffee stain on my sweater instead of the joke I just made. Even when one of my colleagues sees students waiting in the hallway to come in, he closes the classroom door. He says he does this to take time and space to prepare himself for the "show" that will follow.

The college writing classroom involves an especially intense show for both teachers and students, and it presents my introverted self with a paradox. The cover of one composition pedagogy book, *Sharing and Responding*, depicts two figures sitting cross-legged in front of each other. As a subject, composition is not like economics or chemistry: whether you write in first, second, or third person, you are putting yourself on the page. In the view of educator and author Parker Palmer, all "good teaching depends on drawing students and their stories into the conversation called truth."⁷ Since good prose holds a conversation between writers, readers, and ideas, a composition classroom should support many kinds of conversations. Yet, my own most blissful writing moments, the experiences I most hope I can help beginners to have, have occurred when I have been alone and quiet. I love conversing with thoughts on a page, but in order to share that love with others—fulfill my personal project—I have to have many face-to-face conversations with people. Often, we are strangers.

Constructivism has reshaped higher education—today's college students are expected to make their own meaning as opposed to receiving the meaning of a professor/expert/lecturer. The ideal college instructor acts as a "guide on the side," not a "sage on the stage."⁸ In an essay on teaching, Jane Tompkins describes an epiphany she had in her classroom: "I had been putting on a performance whose true goal was not to help students learn but to perform before them in such a way that they would have a good opinion of me."⁹ She redesigned this class so that students led each meeting instead of her and moved from "teaching as performance to teaching as a maternal or coaching activity."¹⁰ She emerges happier for this change.

I, too, have avoided positioning myself as a lecturing luminary for students. I tell them writing, thinking, reading, and talking exist on a continuum, and we should get used to moving around on it as soon as possible. Naturally, the power dynamic between us inhibits my students, and the burden is on me to free them to speak. I must model the behaviors I want them to practice. I try to show them it feels good to open yourself up to others, to come out of your shell. For someone who likes her own shell, this is challenging.

When I feel shy, it's as though I am trying to keep a million hands off me. What I have come to understand, though, is that being handled by others is part of life. When I keep my introversion from interfering with my teaching, I am "accommodating [my]self to situational norms, rather than 'grinding down everything to [my] own needs and concerns'."¹¹ As much as I dislike being looked at, I sometimes invite a sustained gaze from students to prove a point. Once, during a lesson on making inferences, I made a face that suggested the feeling of constipation. I asked students to guess what it was, scrunching up my eyes and pressing my lips together. On the first day of most classes, and to start building trust and reciprocity, students and I do an icebreaker about first names. Depending on the class, I give different versions of the same narrative. I tell most classes I was an "accident" child, and my first name was a strategy of my mother's to get my father interested in having this unexpected family. If it is a memoir class, I add details about how my dad was in a mental hospital just before I was born. If the class is one where students will be asked to write a thesis about their own lives, I will say that I was born of my father's fever and my mother's patience. Shortly after the name exercise, most classes complete an "appreciative inquiry," an activity that involves discussing favorite personal achievements, a big task for people who have just met.¹² Over the course of the semester, students talk in groups and pairs often. I cold-call them, and while kind, I generally don't take no for an answer. A common discussion-building tactic is Palmer's index card: with no planning, students write something down on an index card and then give it to someone else to read aloud and comment on.¹³ The spontaneity of this exercise creates a useful frisson.

Whether a professor stands behind a lectern or pulls up a chair besides the students, he or she is still giving a performance, and for an introvert who teaches, being a guide on the side can be even harder than a sage on a stage. The sage operates at a further distance than the guide, and there is less focus on interpersonal relationships. Palmer prepares teachers for students who will resist being drawn into discussion, speculating with empathy on their reticence: "Many of them do not want to suffer the

conflict and ambiguity of external conversation."¹⁴ These words hold for introverted professors like me, too. Outside of teaching, I have gone to great lengths to avoid the "conflict and ambiguity of external conversation." I have psyched myself up for casual phone calls to friends, picked certain sidewalks in order to dodge neighbors. When e-mail came along, it was a boon to me because I could connect with others through words, on my own time, in my own way. Yet, my teaching methods almost guarantee that everyone in the class will feel conflict, ambiguity, or both at some point, and this can cause some tension.

If teaching were not a core personal project for me, I don't know if I could run classes that are part cocktail party, part debate, and part group therapy. In the middle of a class, sometimes my body will rebel—I will notice that I am standing behind the console a little longer than I need to, concealing and protecting myself from my students. I have also learned to seek what Brian Little refers to as "restorative niches," places where I can rest from my extroverted performance.¹⁵ For many years, as soon as class would end, I would scurry back to my office and close the door. After teaching, I occasionally enjoy a glass of wine and a cup of French onion soup at the diner up the street, taking solace in being fed by others and not needing to utter words other than "please" and "thank you." I rarely invite anyone to my house, and I seldom answer the phone or doorbell.

Watching others teach gives me insight into my own practice, and I have gleaned some techniques from my more extroverted peers. I once visited the classroom of an outgoing, upbeat, confident woman. "I am not here to make friends with eighteen-year-olds," she will say and laugh. Nonetheless, her classroom is a warm, happy place. During my visit, her students were sitting in pairs discussing their progress on a writing assignment. She chatted with each pair. The talk was light, often funny, probably what my marketing boss had in mind for those dead-air moments with clients. I noticed the patter only dealt with the assignment in a marginal way, and I remembered some commentary from Stephen Brookfield, author of *The Skillful Teacher*. If you want students to engage genuinely during small-group work, you can't act like an inquisitor when you drop in on them: "Discussion leaders are judges of normality who signal whether or not the regime of truth is being sufficiently observed. Even when supposedly participatory approaches are used—such as the conversation circle—these are often experienced as oppressive, as people feel they are under increased surveillance."¹⁶ As a result, the next few times I did group work, I made a "cheat sheet" of small talk topics in advance, low-stakes stuff to ask students about as I checked on them.

Scripting all parts of the extrovert teaching performance has helped. When my students enter the room, I make a point of saying hello to different ones each time, and sometimes I have to pick names out ahead of time so I remember. My lesson plans include cues to myself like (in all caps so that I see them quickly when I look down at the paper), "SAY YOU ARE EXCITED," "GIVE SAME AMOUNT OF FEEDBACK TO EACH GROUP," "PRAISE," "TELL STORY ABOUT ONE-EYED FISH," "THANK THEM FOR THEIR HARD WORK TODAY." Not every class has a detailed script, but I don't usually come in without a specific blueprint for what will happen, including the off-the-cuff moments. I have accepted that I need this kind of scripting, that the "personal touch" aspect of teaching may not flow from me automatically. Still, I know I would be mortified to share these notes with anyone. To do so would be to reveal how much planning goes into something that seems easy-going.

Sometimes, I worry that by using such a distinct classroom persona I am duping my students, getting them to believe in someone who doesn't exist. In general, I find it easy to deceive people. It doesn't escape me that my Zodiac sign is Gemini, the twins. The two-faced, the phony. As an old boyfriend and I were breaking up, he mentioned *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. No wonder I enjoyed the movie so much, he said, the story of a duplicitous game-player whom no one really knows. It was a reasonable comparison: I had kept my waning interest in him a secret, and I had been cheating on him. I fit the description of what Mark Snyder calls a "high self-monitor": someone who tailors her personality to fit the needs of the current social context.¹⁷ Two of the true/false statements on Snyder's Self-Monitoring Scale are: "I would probably make a good actor" and "I can look anyone in the eye and tell a lie with a straight face (if for a right end)."¹⁸ Also, "In different situations with different people," the high self-monitor "often [acts] like a very different person."¹⁹ Even before I began teaching, I noticed I would feel shyer upon the second meeting with a new person. This is because I had to remember who I was trying to be last time, which mask I wore.

Teaching has muddled my understanding of the difference between performance and reality. As Erving Goffman says, "All the world is not, of course, a stage, but the crucial ways in which it isn't are not easy to specify."²⁰ Of course, I should not have told my boyfriend I still loved him, but what about the dyslexic student whose essay I feigned more excitement about than I felt? In composition and rhetoric theory, some thinkers stress the role of the "rhetorical situation," the principle that what you say in writing is conditioned by whom you are addressing, when, and

for what reason.²¹ I believe every situation is, in a way, rhetorical. Lad Tobin, a professor and composition expert, argues that it is not "as if the character [he] reveal[s] on the written page is the *real* [him] while [his] classroom persona is a fake. [His] point is simply that differences in goals and audiences lead [him] to different performances of self."²² A story Liza Minnelli tells about Judy Garland (her mother) makes a similar point. While watching Garland perform, Minnelli would witness a contrast:

She'd finish a concert and I'd be standing in the wings with some water and cough drops. The curtain would come down. She'd sit on the edge of the stage, her legs are dangling, and I'd think, "That poor lady! She's so heartbreaking." I'd walk over, she'd grab the water or drop and ask ... "Do you wanna eat Chinese or Italian?" "I'd say, 'Italian.'" She'd say, "Great. Get off the stage." The curtain would go back up, she'd sing "Over the Rainbow" and go right back to being tragic. She knew exactly what her public needed.²³

Tobin and Garland share an interest in meeting the demands of their rhetorical situations. A social artifice may not be "real" in the traditional sense, but that does mean it is not helpful. When I overheard a colleague having a conference with a student, and he mentioned he had used Wikipedia as his primary research source, she sighed and closed her eyes as though he had struck the deepest of psychic blows, her dramatic response suggesting another Self-Monitoring Scale prompt: "I sometimes appear to others to be experiencing deeper emotions than I actually am."²⁴ In the rhetorical situation of the classroom, I create the character of Lauren-the-Professor. She speaks in a different voice than Lauren-the-Marketer or Lauren-the-Wife. For the most part, I am convinced that when I act the extrovert in class or amplify my response to certain students, I am not being dishonest but delivering a specific performance of self, doing my best to give my public what they need.

Philosophers have long questioned the existence of a fundamental, stable self. What, if anything, comes "naturally" to a person remains unknown, and being yourself is not as straightforward as it seems. From a psychological perspective, Brian Little envisions three main selves or natures: the biogenic, the sociogenic, and the idiogenic.²⁵ The biogenic is the original self, how you are before you come into contact with your environment. The sociogenic is the one you shape in response to social pressure. The idiogenic is the self you create to pursue a personal project. In *Quiet*, Cain describes an influential businessman named Edgar, an introvert who attends high-end charity events. To prepare himself for the necessary socializing, ahead of time, he would write up a list of anecdotes

to share.²⁶ Eventually, however, he stopped needing these lists because making light conversation became more instinctual.²⁷ Like Edgar, people who know me well doubt whether a label like introvert even applies to me. Lately, it is habitual, even pleasurable, for me to talk to my peers as I unwind from class; I no longer rush back to my office. Someone asked me recently if I would revert to full introversion if I didn't have to engage people for a living. I said I would, but I was unsure. Ultimately, the idiogenic self is still my self.

In high school, I got a week of detention for my truancy, and I sat in that classroom with students more delinquent than I—smokers, vandals, libertines. I appreciated being among these rebels for a moment because I had staged a small revolt of my own. There is beauty and dignity in introversion, and while I may have come to terms with acting the extrovert when I need to, I wonder if I have gone too far, become a traitor to my biogenic self. The kind of professor I am today would have horrified sixteen-year-old me, repelled the girl who hid in the library and wandered the city. I did all I could to avoid interacting in school, and now, I'm the ringleader of communities where anonymity and reticence are signs of something wrong.

In the Fishbowl, a popular active learning technique, students in groups of four or five sit in the front of the room and have a free-form discussion while the rest of the class listens and watches.²⁸ During her class's Fishbowl, Kaitlyn dutifully took her seat with her group-mates. Still, she said nothing until someone prompted her, and she looked absolutely miserable. At her age, I would have done the same. I would have complied with the teacher's directions and hated every second of it. This truth is why I want her to have been the author of the "keep engaging the shy" evaluation comment. If she were the author, I could feel less nervous about the performance I give, rest more easily about playing the extrovert in the classroom. I could keep the title of "guide on the side" and not feel I had veered into "goad-er on the shoulder."

Granted, Kaitlyn and I were not in the same position: law required me to go to high school, but she took my college course by choice. Despite flashes of compassion, I caught myself finding her bothersome and tedious. Why keep coming to a class that unsettled her so? Irrationally, I resented her. Since I was willing to "act out of character," as Cain and Little would say, I felt she should be, too. I had drunk the Extrovert Kool-Aid, forgotten who I was before I found my vocation.

If not practiced carefully, active learning strategies can reinforce the Extrovert Ideal. Although cognition is invisible and internal, active

learning tends to privilege the visible and external. My students occasionally do a BINGO icebreaker: they interview each other and try to get BINGO in a range of categories (who grew up in a small town, who has a brother, etc.). Once, a quiet student had collected very few Xs on her sheet. Someone else looked over her shoulder at her paper and saw how blank it was. "You're in it to win it, aren't you?" he said, and she gave him a pinched smile. His comment captures the enduring message of our culture: to be an extrovert is to win. Her response represents the strain introverts experience when they try to change themselves to fit in.

My campus has a nature trail on it. For every Fishbowl, perhaps there should be a walk in the woods.

As long as I am a teacher and remain committed to acting the extrovert when the need arises, I need to find ways to balance my biogenic, sociogenic, and idiogenic selves; I need to engage in a dance of personality that includes them all.²⁹ Recently, I found inspiration for this dance in an unlikely place.

Every year, I attend the national conference of the Association of Writers and Writing Programs (AWP). With thousands of attendees, hundreds of readings, and dozens of trips to the hotel bar, each AWP creates a tower of cognitive and social overload—typically, I get to know the inside of my hotel room well. I read this listing in the 2014 program, then, with joy: "Dickinson Quiet Space. A dedicated quiet space for you to collect your thoughts, unwind, and escape the literary chaos."³⁰

The Quiet Space was near a bank of escalators, right across from the melee of the Book Fair. I sought it out on the first day. Computer in lap, coffee in hand, I breathed deeply. No one spoke while I was in the Quiet Space—everyone was willing to uphold the contract.

The Quiet Space gave me hope that even under the Extrovert Ideal, balance is possible. Introvert and extrovert, even when housed within the same person, can harmonize. We need only adhere to mythologies of personality if we choose to.

Notes

¹ Brian R. Little, "Free Traits and Personal Contexts: Expanding a Social Ecological Model of Well-Being," in *Person-Environment Psychology*, second edition, eds. W. Bruce Walsh, Kenneth H. Craik, and Richard H. Price (Mahwah and London: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 2000), 92–93.

² Brian R. Little and Maryann F. Joseph, "Personal Projects and Free Traits: Mutable Selves and Well Beings," in *Personal Project Pursuit: Goals, Action, and Human Flourishing*, eds. Brian R. Little, Katariina Salmela-Aro, and Susan D. Phillips (Mahwah and London: Lawrence Erlbaum Associates, 2007), 384.

³ Susan Cain, *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking* (New York: Broadway Books, 2012).

⁴ Brian R. Little, "Prompt and Circumstance: The Generative Contexts of Personal Projects Analysis," in Little, Salmela-Aro, and Phillips, eds., *Personal Project Pursuit*, 25.

⁵ Brian R. Little and Travis L. Gee, "The Methodology of Personal Projects Analysis: Four Modules and a Funnel," in Little, Salmela-Aro, and Phillips, eds., *Personal Project Pursuit*, 60.

⁶ Brian R. Little, "Prompt and Circumstance: The Generative Contexts of Personal Projects Analysis," in Little, Salmela-Aro, and Phillips, eds., *Personal Project Pursuit*, 43.

⁷ Parker Palmer, "Good Teaching: A Matter of Living the Mystery," Center for Courage & Renewal, accessed May 26, 2014, <http://www.couragerenewal.org/parker/writings/good-teaching/>.

⁸ Allison King, "From Sage on the Stage to Guide on the Side," *College Teaching* 41 (1993): 30.

⁹ "Teaching Like It Matters," *Lingua Franca*, August 1991, 24.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 27.

¹¹ Brian R. Little, quoted in Cain, *Quiet*, 215.

¹² For a description of this technique, see D. L. Cooperrider, F. Barrett, and S. Srivastva, "Social Construction and Appreciative Inquiry: A Journey in Organizational Theory," in *Management and Organization: Relational Alternatives to Individualism*, eds. D. Hosking, P. Dachler, and K. Gergen (Aldershot, UK: Avebury Press, 1995), 157–200.

¹³ Palmer, "Good Teaching: A Matter of Living the Mystery."

¹⁴ Palmer, "Good Teaching: A Matter of Living the Mystery."

¹⁵ Brian R. Little, "Acting Out of Character in the Immortal Profession: Toward a Free Trait Agreement," *Academic Matters*, April–May 2010, accessed May 26, 2014, <http://www.academicmatters.ca/2010/04/acting-out-of-character-in-the-immortal-profession-toward-a-free-trait-agreement/>. See also Cain, *Quiet*, 219–20.

¹⁶ "Discussion as a Way of Teaching," Stephenbrookfield.com, accessed May 26, 2014, http://www.stephenbrookfield.com/Dr_Stephen_D_Brookfield/Workshop_Materials_files/Discussion_as_a_Way_of_Teaching_Packet.pdf, 6.

¹⁷ For a discussion of pseudo-extroversion and Snyder's Self-Monitoring Scale, see Cain, *Quiet*, 212–15.

¹⁸ Mark Snyder, "Self-Monitoring Scale," Cabrillo College, available from <http://www.cabrillo.edu>, accessed May 26, 2014. The scale originally appeared in Snyder's article, "Self-Monitoring of Expressive Behavior," *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 30 (1974): 526–37.

¹⁹ Snyder, "Self-Monitoring Scale."

²⁰ Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life* (New York: Anchor Books, 1959), 72.

²¹ See especially Lloyd F. Bitzer, "The Rhetorical Situation," *Contemporary Rhetorical Theory: A Reader*, eds. Sally Caudill, Michelle Condit, and John Louis Lucaites (New York: Guilford Press, 1998), 217–25.

²² Lad Tobin, "Self-Disclosure as a Strategic Teaching Tool: What I Do—and

Don't—Tell My Students," *College English* 73 (2010): 202.

²³ Alan W. Petrucelli, "Liza Minnelli Remembers Judy on Mother's Day," Examiner.com, updated May 12, 2013, accessed May 26, 2014, <http://www.examiner.com/article/liza-minnelli-remembers-judy-on-mother-s-day>.

²⁴ Mark Snyder, "Self-Monitoring Scale."

²⁵ Little and Joseph, "Personal Projects and Free Traits," 376–77.

²⁶ Cain, *Quiet*, 213.

²⁷ Cain, *Quiet*, 213.

²⁸ For a description of the Fishbowl process, see "Fishbowl," Active Learning Activities, Madison Area Technical College, accessed May 29, 2014, <http://madisoncollege.edu/in/fishbowl>.

²⁹ Little and Joseph, "Personal Projects and Free Traits," 396.

³⁰ "Schedule of Events," The Association of Writers and Writing Programs, accessed May 26, 2014, https://www.awpwriter.org/application/public/pdf/conference/2014/2014SeattleSchedule_Web.pdf.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AN INTROVERT IN AN EXTROVERT'S ONLINE PLAYGROUND

RON RIZZI

Ageless... timeless... or spineless... in a quiet place... online we reach... So from behind the screen we reach for the stars... not one of them on Hollywood boulevard, but from a picture worth a thousand words, reduced to a wink... a nudge... an IM... LOL... or AWOL... don't you think.

So was it read, what you said. How would you know? So many that escape into the ether like letters written and never sent, but then... was it meant?

You're interested, smitten by a timeless photo, young for their stated age, a non-smoker, so thin on such a stage. The dialogue is open and you send an email. They look like everything you've ever wanted, ever dreamed of or pined for and you wait, wonder, and ponder whether they may be so intrigued by you. Your demeanor, your snapshot, ever so real, ever so recent. Thin, slightly less hair and maybe hoping they would find you perhaps so debonair. As a day goes by, should you give it just one more... try?

A poke, another wink and then you wonder... what do they really think? Back online just one more time; you look again, even if only to make a friend. So many times nothing happens, like there is no one there. Wherever there is or is it a game it seems to connect, coincide and maybe to meet in actuality, all to please leave this virtual reality.

But then a surprise, a message arrives. Short and not so sweet. Terse so it is, that would make anyone nervous. So where will it go? Coffee, at least you maybe hope so. Like a tweet it's not sweet, or 140 characters so brief, like a flash they ask. Email can be frail, let's meet they say and you plan to do so in just a few days.

A Starbuck's or a Dunkin Donut moment, you hope and wonder what it will be like. You gaze and stare at the photos throughout the night and